



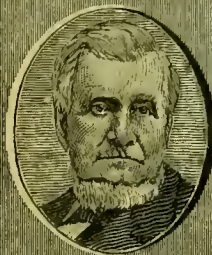
HOLINESS TO THE LORD
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi-Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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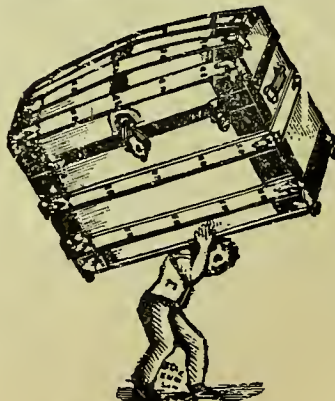
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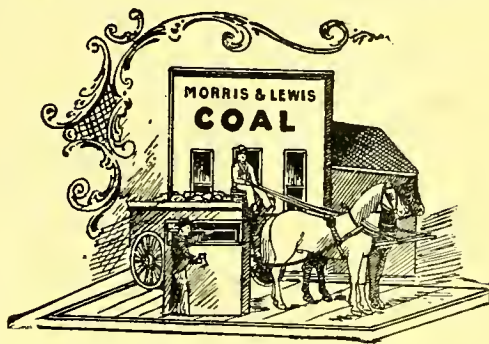
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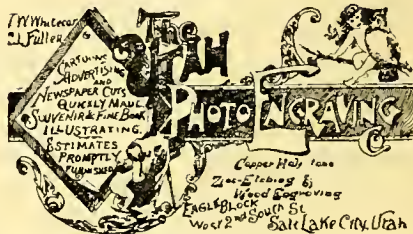
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No. 19.

A SKETCH OF SAMOA.

THE term Navigator's Islands, given to the Samoan group in the Southern Pacific, is considered by many to be misapplied, for the reason that the

people are not navigators, scarcely venturing farther away than from one island to another. The name Friendly or Society would certainly seem more appropriate.



NATIVES OF SAMOA.

Samoa, the native name has no significance, the literal meaning being, "forbidden chicken." This originated in a curious way. There is a very wise law in the country, that when any article becomes scarce, they are not allowed to dispose of it to any other nation; and the story goes, that at one time chickens were few, and they were forbidden to sell them. (Some doubt that they had chickens until they were imported; but at all events the term "Moa" applies to nothing else among them.) When their neighbors came in canoes, with a chicken tied on a long pole, signifying that that was the article they wished to obtain, the natives would cry out "Sa niva," "Sa moa," and the foreigners, thinking that they might be in search of their precious fowls, they would call the same, until people came to believe that to be the name of the islands, and the name still clings to them.

Surrounding the islands are coral reefs, not sparkling white or pink, as the coral we see, but a dull green color, owing to the constant action of the water. These reefs are covered at high tide, but can be seen when the water is low.

During the terrible hurricane of 1889 five large ships were wrecked upon these reefs, among them the American flag ship Trenton, shattered lying upon the rocks, while ten feet away is water fathoms deep. Two others were more fortunate and succeeded in passing through an opening in the reef and, although running aground, were saved.

The natives of Samoa are a well-developed, intelligent race, and much fairer than those of other islands near them. Like people of all tropical countries, they are indolent, and the work which is accomplished is done principally by the "black boys," a race

similar to the negro, found on the Solomon Islands, who lease themselves for a certain number of years to the Samoans. When the lease expires they either renew it or return to their own country. The Samoans are early risers, but sleep for hours during the heat of the day. They bathe very often, at least one bath a day being an absolute necessity. They are a very sociable people, and delight in gathering together in the evening or in picnic parties and passing the time pleasantly. Their morals are very low, but are really better than might be expected considering their mode of living, and the example set them by civilized foreigners. They had no marriage, except a mutual consent to live together as long as they could agree, until Christian influence, which now prevails, compelled them to have a ceremony performed.

Religion is gaining a strong foothold there, nearly every church being represented, and not least among them, our own, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

There is one pleasing feature about this people; that is, the men do the cooking and all the other hard work. The women are treated with more respect and consideration than in many more civilized countries. They are given equal privileges with the men, except in the councils of war and other public affairs, and in drinking the native drink, which they are not allowed to taste. They devote their time to the braiding of mats, often spending a whole lifetime upon one.

The common native dress is that shown in the illustration, a short skirt around the waist, made of leaves and grasses, reaching to or a little below the knee. This is very thick, and although rather incomplete is a very

convenient suit, as it is not injured in the least by the heavy rainstorms which come so often, and one can be made in a remarkably short time. Sheets draped and tied around the waist, are worn to some extent. Christian influence is at work here as well as in other directions, and they are learning the necessity of protecting the body, and in the villages they are beginning to dress quite respectably. There is no rivalry among them. In fact there can be none, for if one lady makes herself a nicer dress than usual her neighbor is very apt to go into her house, put on the dress and wear it.

For ornaments they are especially fond of the wild boar's tusks. They also use tiny shells, threaded as beads, for necklaces.

They are wonderfully ingenious. Their handiwork is very unique and often artistic. The braiding of rope and cord from the fibre of the cocoanut tree is a long, tedious task, but time is no object whatever with them.

Their canoes are cut out of the large trees. The sides are sometimes made separately and then joined and bound firmly together with the utmost care and neatness by strong fibre cord. They make all their measurements with the naked eye, and it is remarkable the exactness with which they carve and build. Their houses are wonderfully built. The sides are made as curtains, so that part or all can be rolled up or fastened down as they desire. The roofs are so thick and of such material as to be entirely waterproof. The interior of a dwelling is the most pleasing part. The bamboo poles which form the rafters of the roof are of uniform size and laid so evenly and the grasses interwoven so nicely between that one is astonished and wonders how this un-

civilized people have such skill and artistic ideas. The floors consist of small, round stones, upon which they lay their mats and sit Turk fashion. A roll of mats in the center of the room is always ready for visitors. Their fire-places are also in the center of the room, but the most of their baking is done in the large oven dug in the ground, filled with hot rocks, where the meat is placed and covered with leaves. This cooks it deliciously and preserves the juices and flavor far better than our way of cooking it.

The vegetable growth on these islands is luxuriant, and the people have little trouble in obtaining food. Such plants and trees as grow in other warm climates are to be found here. The breadfruit, cocoanut and banana are all used; but their main food is the taro, a small shrub, the leaves and root of which are both very palatable.

Their native drink is made from a peculiar tasting root, which is called ava. Originally they chewed the root to prepare it, but now a thorough beating is considered sufficient, after which it is mixed with water and the drink is made. This can be made strong enough to be intoxicating, but they generally have it rather weak.

Their fish lines are made from the cocoanut fiber, and their hooks from the tortoise shell. Wire hooks have been introduced, but the natives prefer their own. They have a peculiar legend concerning the devil fish, which they catch and use for food. They say that at Samoa this fish has one less arm than those found elsewhere, owing to its having been stolen by a rat. The fish is supposed, on this account, to have a great hatred for rats and a strong desire to destroy them. The natives, in order to catch the fish, fasten two round shells

together, with some pebbles inside and a tail at one end. They attach a long cord to this, and as they run with it in the water it resembles a rat very much. And the fish, thinking it to be its old enemy, grasps and clings to it until the natives loosen its hold and seize their prey.

On certain days during the months of October and November a strange growth of animal life, resembling our angler worms, appears on the ocean. This they call palolo. They know the exact time of its appearance, and prepare to gather it, as it is considered a great delicacy. At daylight the whole surface of the water is covered, and the natives are out in their canoes, scooping in the worms, which they prize so highly. As the sun rises the palolo vanishes. The people eat all they can of it on the first day, and preserve the rest for future use. As the palolo comes regularly on these two days, the natives reckon their time from its appearance. No one seems to understand the cause of its appearance on these days alone. Some claim that it rises from the coral formations; but this is scarcely probable, as it is peculiar to these islands, and were that the case it would likely appear wherever the coral is found.

To a traveler coming in sight of Samoa, after the weary days on an ocean steamer, the hills covered with verdure, so restful to the eye, and the tiny villages nestling against them, seem a veritable paradise. At such a moment one is apt to think that, next to home, these islands in the sea are the best place on earth, and fervently exclaims, "Thank God for land and for Samoa."

R. A. C.

WE should eat to live, not live to eat.

BUDD WILDER'S JUDGMENT.

THREE thousand boxes of oranges, at \$2.50 a box, are worth \$7500. Budd Wilder has figured that up a hundred times within the last few weeks, but even yet he can hardly believe that the amount is correct. It seems too large a sum for a boy of sixteen to have made for his father in one day simply by the exercise of good judgment.

Budd is a Northern boy, but his home is in Florida, in the orange-growing region. His father, Major Wilder, saw something of the South in war-times; and when his health failed a few years ago, he determined to take his family to Florida and buy an orange grove. He had not as much money as an old soldier and a good business man ought to have, but by giving a mortgage he was able to buy a grove of moderate size, in the midst of which stood a comfortable two-story house with a broad veranda in front, and a drive-way leading down to the gate, lined on both sides with tall oleanders and Spanish-bayonets and fig-trees and bananas.

"It is not only on my own account that I have come down here," the Major said to Budd; "it is largely for the sake of you and your brother Harry. In this thinly settled country you will have to learn to rely upon yourselves, and that is one of the most important things for a boy to learn. You shall each have a pony, and you must learn to take care of them. When your saddle-girth breaks, you must mend it; there is no one to do it for you. Whenever anything happens, make up your mind what is the right thing to do, and do it. Do not hesitate to take responsibility when it is necessary. If you always depend upon me, you will never amount to anything."

Last December Budd Wilder was just

past sixteen, and people said that he was one of the finest boys in the neighborhood. He was large for his age, and plump, with cheeks as brown as a berry from exposure to the Florida sun, and hands several degrees browner than his face. His brother Harry was a year and a half younger, and each of the boys had a score of orange trees of his own, which he cultivated and cared for himself, and received all the profits from. The Major and all the family were feeling remarkably comfortable, for every tree on the place was fairly loaded down with oranges. Many of them had to be propped up to prevent the limbs from breaking. Never before had such a crop been known all over the State. The prospect was that the mortgage on the grove would be paid off, and all the little debts settled, and a snug sum left to put in bank.

"I estimate that there are over 3000 boxes on the trees, Budd," the Major said, "and Gravely, of Jacksonville, has offered me a dollar a box for them as they stand. But I am not willing to sell for that. I think if I let them stand until February, I can get \$1.50 a box, and the extra \$1500 is worth waiting for."

"The crop is so good," the Major went on, "and everything looks so bright that your mother and I are thinking of giving ourselves a little treat. We are thinking of going North to spend the Christmas holidays, leaving you and Harry here to take care of the place. I shall leave everything in your charge, for I don't believe in divided responsibility."

It was in this way, it happened that on the 23rd of December Budd found himself in complete charge of an orange grove with more than \$3000 worth of fruit on the trees. He and Harry were

not alone on the place, for Betty, the old colored woman, was there to do the cooking, and there were two colored men.

On the morning of the 23rd of December there was nothing either in the weather report or in the sky to give him any anxiety, and it was the same on the 24th. But on Christmas morning he rode home from the post-office with a troubled expression on his face.

"I don't half like the looks of things, Harry," he said. "The thermometer went down to thirty-six last night, and the paper says there's a cold wave coming from the north-west. It would be a terrible thing if these 3000 boxes of oranges should freeze while father is away. You know what that would mean; we'd lose the entire crop, and then I don't know where we should be, with the mortgage to pay off and bills at the stores.

"Oh, pshaw!" Harry replied; "you're always fretting about the weather. It's all moonshine to talk about freezing when it's so hot here in the sun we can't wear our coats. If freezing weather comes, we can't stop it, and we'll just have to put up with it, that's all. Father can't blame us for what the weather does, and you know oranges will stand a temperature of 28 degrees without harm, anyhow."

"Yes, it's hot enough in the sun," Budd retorted; "but there is no sun at night, and it's the cold nights that may hurt us. I should never forgive myself if anything should happen to the oranges while the folks are away."

On the next day, the 26th, there was no change in the weather. So far there had been no frost, but it was cold enough at night to keep a blazing fire in the fireplace. When the 27th came it was no colder, but the paper said the

cold wave was coming nearer; it had reached Kentucky and Tennessee, and was traveling southward. Budd was more worried than ever. A drop of ten degrees in the night temperature would ruin every orange in the grove, and almost ruin the Wilder family.

Then came the paper of the 28th, which was Friday. "Heavy frosts in the northern part of the State," it said. "The cold wave advancing southward. Colder weather all over Florida tonight."

On his way home from the post-office Budd hardly saw a foot of the road, for he was busy thinking. The cold wave was coming, and the family's fortunes were at stake. He felt a tremendous responsibility upon his shoulders, and he would have given the world for a word of advice from his father; but no father was there, and he had to depend upon himself. When he reached home he was still undecided whether anything could or should be done, and he went straight to his room and locked the door. When he came out his mind was made up.

"Harry," he said, "things look very serious. The thermometer went down to 33 degrees last night, and the cold wave will strike us tonight. We may lose all our oranges. I think it would be possible to have them all picked this afternoon and tonight, and get them in out of danger. What do you think about it?"

"I think that having charge of this grove has turned your head," Harry replied. "You talk like a crazy man. How could we have 3000 boxes of oranges picked in one afternoon? Why, it would take fifty men to do it."

Yes, just about fifty men," Budd said; "and I think I can get them. Instead of paying the usual price for picking, four cents a box, I can offer ten cents to make the men work faster. That will

cost about \$300, but it will be better than losing our oranges. I want your opinion about it."

"My opinion is that you had better let the oranges alone," Harry answered, very decidedly. "I think father will have something lively to say to you when he comes home, if you make such a fool of yourself. Look at Thompson's, the next place; they're not picking; nobody is picking. Don't think you know more about the weather than all these old growers."

"Very well," Budd exclaimed. "I have obeyed orders and consulted with you. Now I shall obey them still further and act according to my own judgment. I am going to pick the oranges, if it is possible to get the men. I expect you to give me your help, even though your opinion is different. I want you to take down all the beds and make as much room in the house as you can. It will take every room to store them in, but we must keep the kitchen to live in. Will you help me?"

"Of course," Harry answered; "if you take the responsibility. But won't you catch it when father comes home!"

Ten minutes later the two colored hands were hurrying to the post-office and the stores after pickers; and Budd was riding like mad to Eatonville, the colored settlement, where he hoped to find plenty of idle men. Ten cents a box! Why, a man could make over five dollars between noon and midnight, working part of the time by moonlight. Yes, indeed; every unemployed man was ready to work at such a price. Before eleven o'clock thirty men were picking oranges in the grove. By noon there were sixty men at work, and none of them stopped for dinner; they could not afford it, when they were making money so fast.

In two or three hours the house was a sight. Who ever saw a house before with oranges piled several feet deep in every room, and the piles growing deeper every minute? But down came the oranges; and the neighbors, seeing what was going on, began to talk.

"That's what comes of letting that boy have his own way so much," said one. "His father seems to think he ought to know as much as a man. Who'd think a boy would do such a thing? and his father away, too! It's going to lose the Major a clean thousand dollars, that job is. If any boy of mine did such a thing, I'd give him a lesson he'd not forget in a hurry."

Budd felt the weight of a nation resting upon his shoulders. Perhaps he was losing hundreds of dollars for his father; "but I am using my best judgment," he said to himself. Twenty times an hour he looked at the thermometer. At seven o'clock it was down to 27 degrees; at eight o'clock 26 degrees. Then he went out among the men.

"Rush them along, boys!" he called out. "They can't stand more than two hours of this weather. There's a dollar apiece extra for you if you have the trees clean by ten o'clock."

And the men did it, by the hardest kind of hard work. By ten o'clock not an orange could be seen on the trees under the bright moonlight, and the house was piled full of them. When Budd looked at the thermometer it said 22 degrees. He knew what that meant. Every orange in every neighboring grove was ruined. The weight was lifted from his shoulders, but he began to worry then about his neighbors' losses.

After the pickers went home Budd and Harry sat by the big stove, and kept the fire roaring. The house must be kept warm or the oranges might still freeze.

"Shake, old man!" he said, "I'll own up that you were right and I was wrong. Do you know what the thermometer is now? It's 18 degrees. You've saved the Wilder family, sure. I don't see what ever put it into your head that it was going to be so cold. Nobody else has picked any oranges, and of course everything that's left out is ruined."

Budd was hardly able to reply as he took Harry's hand. The excitement had kept him up; but now that it was over, and the oranges were safe, he felt weak.

"You don't know what I've been through, Harry," he said. "It seems like a nightmare, though it has all turned out so well for us. Everybody was against me, and I guess everybody laughed at me."

There was no going to bed that night, for the fire must be kept up. At three o'clock in the morning when Budd went out again to look at the thermometer, it registered 16 degrees. It was the night of the great freeze of 1894, the great freeze of December 28th and 29th, when the weather was colder in Florida than it had been before since 1835. Millions of dollars' worth of oranges were ruined that night, and thousands of trees were killed.

"There was just one thing kept me up," Budd said, after a while. "You know how often father has told me, 'make up your mind what is right, then do it. Rely upon yourself.' Well, I made up my mind that the oranges ought to come in. I had to rely upon myself, for here were all these old orange growers around us paying no attention to the weather, and it was just the same as if I had told them that they didn't understand their business. But I followed my own judgment, and the oranges are safe. I'm afraid we'd have lost our name, Harry, if we had lost this big crop."

"What are you going to do with them, now that you have them in the house?" Harry asked.

"Sell them, of course," Budd replied; "but I don't know yet just how. It's enough for one day to have them safe inside. They ought to be worth more than ever, now that so many others have been frozen."

On the day after the great freeze, the 30th of December, the weather remained so cold that the boys could do little but stay in the house and keep the fire burning. But the next day, the 31st, was full of excitement for them. First of all came the newspaper with its glaring headlines, "The Orange Crop Ruined." "A terrible Calamity has Befallen the State." "Not a Marketable Orange is Left in Florida." Then two or three hours later there arrived a fruit-buyer from Jacksonville. He was traveling about to see how much damage had been done, and to buy any good fruit that he could find. He had heard the story of Budd's picking the entire crop before the freeze, and was anxious to buy it.

"I will give you a dollar and a half a box for the entire lot, just as it lies," he said, after examining the oranges.

"No, I can't take less than two and a half," Budd answered. This was a sudden inspiration; his brightest hope had been to get \$1.50 a box for them.

"I will take them at two and a half," the buyer said.

"Cash on delivery?" said Budd.

"Cash on delivery," echoed the buyer.

While the man was out in search of teams to draw the oranges to the nearest packing-house, a colored boy brought in a telegram. It was from Major Wilder, and came from Jacksonville.

"Will be home this evening," the message said. "Meet us at the station."

"There's a mistake I made," Budd exclaimed, snapping his fingers impatiently. "I should have telegraphed father that we were all right. The news of this freeze has gone North, and father must be worried to death about it."

He drove over to the station to meet the evening train, and what he saw made his heart sick. The weather had grown warmer, and every frozen leaf had begun to turn brown. The trees, instead of a bright green, looked like Northern forest trees in winter; and beneath them the ground was yellow with frozen and useless oranges.

"Oh Budd, Budd, my poor boy," Mrs Wilder exclaimed throwing her arms around Budd's neck on the station platform. "I don't know what will become of us all!" She had seen the frozen trees all along the railroad track.

"We are all right, mother," Budd answered. "I picked the entire crop before the freeze came."

"What is that?" Major Wilder exclaimed, excitedly seizing Budd by the shoulder. "You saved the crop?"

"Yes, sir; every orange," Budd replied. "I got sixty men, and had them all picked last Friday afternoon, and this morning I sold them all for \$2.50 a box, cash on delivery. I was a little doubtful about doing it; but you know you have often told me to 'Make up my mind what is right, then do it.' I made up my mind that the oranges ought to be picked, so I picked them."

"Then you have saved us from ruin, my boy," Major Wilder said; and his eyes were moist. "It is a grand principle, and he is a grand man who follows it, 'Make up your mind what is right, then do it.'"

Wm. Drysdale.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 579.)

ANOTHER of Mr. Vig's points of defense was equally weak and still a little more original and funny. He referred to St. John iii: 5, and said that as no one can enter the kingdom of God without being born of water and of the Spirit, it follows that small children should be baptized or else they would be left outside; "and furthermore," said he, "inasmuch as the Savior uses the comparison of the natural birth (under which the baby has only an absolute passive part), it was therefore, in his opinion, perfectly consistent that the spiritual birth could be accomplished in the same way with such small children as are baptized or sprinkled in the Christian church. The amount of water used would not make any difference. I referred him to the comparison by Paul, where baptism is likened unto a burial to represent death and the resurrection, and that faith and repentance were required before baptism, and that this could only be done by teaching. I referred him to Matthew xxviii: 19, and other scriptures, but here he tried an old game on us, by saying that part of the Savior's words to His disciples was not correctly translated. Here he gave me too much the advantage to let it pass by, and I said, "Then, Mr. Vig, it is you and your clergy that have been teaching false doctrines these many years, for I was taught in school and in church that every word in the Bible was the word of God and true."

He was thereby seemingly thrown off his ground, and, contrary to our mutual agreement, he commenced telling the people that the Mormons were a very cunning set of emissaries; that in Protestant countries we would preach repentance and faith, and use the Bible,

while in Catholic countries we would adapt ourselves to their peculiar ways, preaching Paternoster and Rosaries, and such things that would tingle the ears of Catholics. In fact, he seemed to feel so badly defeated that he gave up and a new opponent stepped forward, evidently having prepared himself with weapons that he no doubt thought would absolutely crush us. He had bought several of our books and pamphlets at one of our meetings, and he commenced reading extracts from them, and then extracts from the Bible that seemed to be opposed to our doctrines. He did this in imitation of Parley P. Pratt's "Comparison between the doctrines of men and the doctrines of Christ," in "A Voice of Warning," and he laid particular stress upon our belief in God as a personal Being, and said the God of the Mormons was not a spirit, as Jesus had said, but He had a body, consisting of parts and members, and He had even passions, for He would eat and drink, hate or love, walk and talk with men upon common things, and thus he kept on in a peculiar, sanctimonious, sarcastic way, reading from our tracts about polygamy and many Gods being Mormon doctrines. From the impression that these citations seemed to make on the audience, our case was now on a very critical point, and as we could not deny them as our views, it became necessary to defend them, although they were such that our limited time that evening would not give us a fair chance to do so properly.

President C. Petersen, therefore, took the stand, and said that inasmuch as our opponent, Mr. Jensenius, had thrown before the audience so many strange doctrines that it would take a whole week to treat each of them fairly, he would take up some of them, and would

begin with the one that seemed to be the strangest of them all, that of our belief in the existence of more than one God. This he did by reading I. Cor. viii: 5-6, where Paul says: For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many), but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him," and also from many other scripture quotations he proved that we in this respect were in perfect accord with the teachings of the Savior Himself, as well as with His apostles. He also showed that God was a personal Being, and that man in general, and the Savior in particular, were in the image of God, both spiritually, mentally, and physically, but these clearly-proven statements seemed to be beyond the comprehension of the greater part of the audience, and was not treated with that degree of attention and respect as the first part of the evening's debate.

The meeting was finally adjourned, after having lasted fully three hours, but the effects of that and the other evening's debate are felt to this day in the liberal toleration that is extended to our missionaries and the Saints in Norway, although the law is still on the statute books, and can be applied with the same rigor as when it was first enacted.

Mr. Ole Vig had given notice before the audience was dismissed that he and others would hereafter give some lectures about the Mormons, their origin, doctrines, history in America and life in Utah; but he enjoined upon his hearers not to molest us in any way whatever, as that would make us martyrs, and he had always been strongly opposed to every kind of religious persecutions.

This had a very good effect, and we were left unmolested.

Our opponents now changed their tactics, and at the next meeting in that school-room they had prepared a series of perverted quotations from our published works and pamphlets, by which they made an effort to put our doctrines in the most unfavorable contrast to the so-called doctrines of Christianity, and they gave us no opportunity to explain or correct their statements, though they, in our presence, challenged us to deny that these quotations were from our books. At the close of the meeting, I stepped forward and appealed to the public for the privilege to say a few words, and then took the liberty to ask where our opponents had obtained their information from, inasmuch as they had told these people that these doctrines were kept secret and not made known to the people in those lands, but only to those that were so unfortunate (?) as to be gathered to the Zion of the Mormons, where all kinds of wickedness was taught and practiced. They had in that meeting themselves produced the evidence that they were falsifiers, by stating that they had bought these books and pamphlets from us, and I told them that anybody could get them from us just as easy as these villifiers had obtained them, and as we had had no opportunity to defend ourselves, we hoped that all lovers of fairness and truth would investigate our doctrines, come to our meetings and hear what we had to say. This was a splendid advertisement, and our meetings became crowded from that time on, and many joined the Church. The papers also helped the work along by taking sides for or against us, thereby creating an interest in Mormonism that perhaps no other means could have done so effectively.

President Petersen gave me so much of the time, because he had not the full power of the language, having left Norway for America when he was very young.

While this contest had been going on in the capital, some other brethren had met with just as satisfactory results of their labor in other parts of the mission. Thus, for instance, we learned by letter from Elder F. Dorius, dated Drammen, Feb. 20, that his brother John had lately baptized ten persons in a small village, Rorvig, about fourteen miles from Drammen, and that he (John Dorius) had been arrested by the sheriff of that district the following Sunday, the 19th, while he was holding a meeting with the Saints there. This was, no doubt, the work of the parson.

The Saints from Drammen had traveled the whole distance on the ice, and had to return the same night, thus traveling twenty-eight miles in a short, cold winter day to hear the humble servants of God speak upon the principles of the gospel. What a rebuke such an example should be to many of our people in Zion, who stay away from meetings and spend the Sabbath day either in idleness or pleasure-seeking in various ways!

Elder F. Dorius was, however, soon liberated by giving his word for being on hand whenever wanted, and the sheriff had even given him time to continue and finish his discourse and to close the meeting, before he took him as his prisoner, and afterwards in his own house, treated him with great kindness.

C. C. A. Christensen.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS--SERIES II., NO. I.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL CHURCH BOARD
OF EDUCATION, OCT. 1. 1895.

AFTER the lapse of one year, the General Board of Education finds itself in the fortunate situation to resume the publication of the "Church School Papers" with Series II., No. I, in this issue of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Through this new series it is hoped that not only our colleges, academies, and religion classes will be brought into closer connection with one another, but that also the spirit and the aims of our educational system will be better understood at the firesides of our people. The members of the faculties of our Church schools will therefore, see that these Church School Papers are not only carefully perused by themselves, but also that the members of the various Church Boards of Education and all other friends of our educational system are kept posted in regard to the items treated upon in these papers from time to time.

CHURCH SCHOOLS IN OPERATION DURING THE
ACADEMIC YEAR 1894-1895.

COLLEGES.

1. Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Prof. Benjamin Cluff, Jr., B. M. D., President.
2. Brigham Young College, Logan, Prof. Wm. J. Kerr., B. S., President.
3. Latter-day Saints' College, Salt Lake City, Prof. Willard Done, D. B., President.

STAKE ACADEMIES.

4. Weber Stake Academy, Ogden, L. F. Moench, M. D., Principal.
5. Sanpete Stake Academy, Ephraim, Newton Noyes, Principal.
6. Juab Stake Academy, Nephi, Justin D. Call, Principal.

7. Parowan Stake Academy, Cedar City, Holstein H. Warner, Principal.

IN IDAHO.

8. Oneida Stake Academy, Preston, John E. Dalley, Principal.

9. Bannock Stake Academy, Rexburg, Geo. Cole, Principal.

10. Bear Lake Stake Academy, Paris, Jacob Spori, Principal.

11. Cassia Stake Academy, Oakley, George Day, Principal.

IN ARIZONA.

12. Maricopa Stake Academy, Mesa City, Geo. W. Lewis, Principal.

13. St. Joseph Stake Academy, Thatcher, George Cluff, Principal.

IN MEXICO.

14. Diaz Academy, Colonia Diaz, Wm. M. Daines, Principal.

15. Dublan Seminary, Dublan, Mrs. Young, Instructor.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S VISITS.

Circumstances over which I had no control prevented me from visiting as many of our Church schools as was desirable, but it was my good fortune to be able to attend various exercises at each of the three colleges, and at the Weber, Bear Lake, Maricopa, St. Joseph, Diaz, and Juarez Academies, including meetings with most of the Boards and Faculties of these schools, also meetings with the Uintah and Snowflake Stake Boards of Education. All these educational institutions have weathered the storm, and we have good hopes that returning financial prosperity will stimulate them in their efforts to press on toward more pronounced realization of the glorious aims of our educational system.

It gives me great pleasure to report also that several other stakes have expressed their intention of re-opening their temporarily suspended Church

schools at an early day, while a few other stakes are preparing for the establishment of Church schools in their midst.

DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS CONFERRED BY THE
GENERAL BOARD OF EDUCATION AND THE
BOARD OF EXAMINERS FOR ACKNOWLEDGED EFFICIENCY AND LONG AND
FAITHFUL SERVICE IN THE CAUSE
OF EDUCATION.

Milton H. Hardy, Medical Science.

Joshua H. Paul, Natural Science.

Joseph B. Keeler, Pedagogy.

Wm. J. Kerr, Mathematics.

Evan Stephens, Science and Art of Music.

These degrees confer upon the foregoing gentlemen the title of "Professor" as understood in our Church school organization, according to General Circular, No. 8, page 6.

RELIGION CLASSES.

The Religion Classes have shared the evil consequences of the general depression with all the other branches of our Church school organization. But, like them, they are reviving rapidly wherever they have taken sufficiently deep root. In other places, plowing and sowing have to be done over again, and labors to that effect are already vigorously commenced, so that the expectation is not without ground that our Religion Class movement will soon cover the land of Zion from one end to another, and very few localities will be found where that precious plant is not cultivated.

The General Superintendent will be grateful to every Stake Presidency who will inform him, at their earliest convenience, of the name and address of their appointed Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes, in order to enable him to place himself in communication with

that officer and to make report to the General Board of Education of the progress of the work as soon as possible.

Stake Superintendents of Religion Classes already in active service will please send in a complete list of their instructors, arranged according to wards. Please to write names out in full and mark behind each name the number of years served, so that their licenses can be extended accordingly, and due credit be given them in the general record at this office. For new instructors new licenses will be issued.

The object of Religion Class work consists chiefly in practical object lessons in religion; in the explanation of the mode and meaning of baptism, of the necessity of prayers, fasting, Word of Wisdom, laying on of hands for the various purposes, of anointing with oil, the order and importance of public meetings, the Lord's Supper, tithing, Sunday schools, bearing testimony, teaching the children to ask the blessing on the food, to be mouth in family prayer, to ask to be administered to when sick, an acquaintance with the names of the First Presidency, the Twelve Apostles, the Stake Presidency, and the Bishopric and Teachers; officers of the Sunday School, M. I. A., Primary and Relief Societies; to inculcate reverence for the Priesthood, and love and obedience to parents; reverence for all things, places, times, and principles consecrated to the work of God.

A more systematic course for this kind of *practical training* is in course of preparation and will be published in due time.

CHURCH HIGH SCHOOLS.

It is very gratifying to report that the General Board of Education has authorized the Boards of Education of Weber, Oneida, and Sanpete Stakes of Zion to

have their respective Stake Academies raised to the High School Grade, provided they will enter upon a regular three years' course, arrange their curriculum in accordance with the recognized High School Grade, and engage teachers duly authorized to conduct such classes.

BOARD OF EXAMINERS.

The Board of Examiners is now prepared to receive applications for examinations in the academic and intermediate grades from all teachers whose licenses have expired, or who desire to advance to a higher grade. All applications should be sent in at least two months before the examination takes place. Diplomas and certificates from recognized educational institutions may receive due consideration by the Board of Examiners in corresponding branches.

By order of the General Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

A TIMELY TRIAL.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 559)

It was two weeks later. Lillian had been initiated into the mystery of "putting up" fruit, and a goodly array of jars, rich colored with the crimson and yellow jams and jellies and fresh preserves, stood on the cellar shelves as a witness of the bushels of currants and cherries and peaches that had been picked over and stoned and watched in the shining brass kettle by the two tireless workers during that time.

It was all new experience to Lillian, this work and responsibility, and she was quite tired as she sat on the porch at twilight, with her sewing, after a hard day in the hot kitchen.

To think that this had been her mother's life for years, and she had

never sensed its actual drudgery and hardship till now!

The tears that stood in her eyes prevented her from seeing that one of the two visitors coming up the walk was a stranger.

"Lillian, dear, I wanted you to meet Mrs. Holton, so have taken the liberty of bringing her over."

It was Mrs. Brownlee, their next door neighbor, and with her was a refined, bright-faced little woman, who looked at Lillian with clear, friendly, gray eyes.

"I have been telling Mrs. Holton about your voice, dear," Mrs. Brownlee said when they were all sitting comfortably on the little porch, "and she thinks perhaps she may be able to suggest a way for having it trained." "If one has the gift of a good voice it is my belief that everything should be done to develop it," said Mrs. Holton, "just as it is our duty to make the best of every talent God gives us. I learn, too, from Mrs. Brownlee that it is your desire to have the advantage of a good musical training at some of the Eastern academies?"

"Oh, yes," Lillian acquiesced, hopelessly. She had so absolutely given up the idea of any such indulgence that the thought for a moment did not move her. The trip to Alaska for the two parents had taken all the money which had been saved for the Boston project, and the knowledge of the time and work it would take to make up the necessary amount had prevented her from cherishing any hope of its realization for years to come.

"It takes, of course, quite a sum of money to obtain the necessary advantage," said Mrs. Holton, "and I know that quite often great gifts are allowed to lie dormant for lack of means to develop them. This is why I feel it my duty to bring to the notice of any

one who has an aspiration for culture the opportunity to obtain the blessing which fell in my way. I am a musician, but my specialty is instrumental music, and for years I had wished hopelessly to have the training which my financial circumstances denied me. At length a friend of mine brought to my notice the fact that a noted magazine had announced in its columns that a thorough course in musical training at one of the greatest conservatories in Boston would be awarded as a premium to that person who should obtain the greatest number of subscribers to the magazine within a given time. Not only the musical training, but the board, lodging and all expenses for the time spent, were to be included in the offer. I at once set to work, and by acting during hours which I was obliged to steal between pressing duties I succeeded in gaining the number of subscriptions for the magazine which entitled me to the prize. So delighted was I at the result of my venture that since enjoying the course which I obtained at so little pains, I have made it my pleasure and duty to bring to the notice of others who may be in the same position as I myself was once, the knowledge of the opportunity at their disposal, since each season the offer is repeated."

"And is it really offered now?" asked Lillian, breathlessly.

"It is, and I have no doubt if you begin work at once soliciting subscriptions that you might have time to gain a number that may give you a fairly good chance for the prize."

Canvassing! Yes, that was what it meant. But then this gentle, refined woman had not hesitated. Lillian checked the false pride rising in her heart with a flush of shame on her face.

"Would you kindly tell me what steps I should take first?" she asked Mrs. Holton.

"I will gladly give you every suggestion that may be of help. I will bring you a number of the magazine to commence work with, as you will need one to carry with you, and the rest is very simple. All depends upon the subscriptions."

Before Mrs. Holton left, Lillian had gained all the necessary suggestions for her enterprise, and had the details well planned.

"Don't be discouraged by a few failures," said her new friend, at parting. "Nothing can be gained that is of real worth without continued effort, and no prize is worth having that does not cost some trouble to obtain. If your cause is just, don't care, but keep on. That is how I succeeded."

The days were too closely crowded with household cares to make it possible for Lillian to devote much of her time to her new enterprise, but in the evenings after supper she left Hetty with the house and set forth on her errand.

At first she met with discouragement. Times were hard for every one, and it took all the people could raise to provide necessities, to say nothing of indulging in anything beyond. That was the constant plea. The magazine, however, was a cheap one, and had good reading; and presently people began to be interested in the talk about it. One or two subscribed and told their neighbors, and others followed fashion, so that in a week's time Lillian had a goodly list of names on her little subscription book.

Friends of course helped her; rumor of the object for which she was working got abroad, and soon the entire community, as it seemed, joined effort in

trying to aid her enterprise. News of her sacrifice in regard to the trip had become known, and it made many zealous to help her who would otherwise have been indifferent. Several times friends who owned buggies drove her into the surrounding settlements, where she made a fine increase to her list; and often orders came from towns some distance away, people who had heard of her object through friends, desiring to add their portion to aid in its accomplishment.

By the time the folks came home, near the end of August, Lillian had a splendid list in her book of subscriptions. It did her heart good to witness the intense interest and joy of those dear ones at news of her project.

"If it could only be that Lilly could have that journey to Boston it would take away half of the regret we've had for stealing that Alaska trip from her," her father said.

"If anyone deserves it she does," her mother responded.

Loving, unselfish souls! How sweet it was to see them home with the bright, hopeful look in their faces, replacing that old constant expression of care and weariness! Could the journey, could anything on earth have brought to her own heart the joy and peace that this small self-sacrifice had brought?

"My dear," said Aunt Annette, as she bade them all good-by after her short stay at the farm, "I didn't realize when I wrote you that time what it was going to mean to you to help my plan. I know now, though, and I rejoice that our girl has had the opportunity of being tested. Believe me, dear, God knows of your sacrifice and in some way He will repay you. Nothing yet was ever done for Him that He did not reward. He will not let Himself be long

in our debt. It's like our tithe-offerings. Sometimes it seems hard to give, but the Lord yields usury twice over for all that is put into His store-house, and before we know it, it comes back to us with untold interest. That's why, dear, I feel so hopeful about your getting the prize. You were willing to sacrifice the ambition and hope of your lifetime for others' good, and I shouldn't be surprised if it was going to be made up to you in just this way."

Was it indeed? Anxious waiting it seemed through those long weeks while they watched for news of the judge's decision.

September was nearly ended before it came.

"Here's a letter for you, Lilly."

Her mother's voice quivered a little in her excitement. "Is it from——?"

Yes, there on the envelope was the name of the well-known publishing firm, proprietors of the —— magazine.

Lillian tore it open with trembling hands.

"Miss Lillian Morse:

"Dear Madam: We take pleasure in informing you that the premium offered by our magazine, for the largest number of subscribers added to our list, between the months of June and September, has been awarded to yourself. As to arrangements——"

She could read no further. Her mother's arms were about her, and tears of joy shed plentifully by both of them prevented further utterance.

"You've nothing to do now but get ready," her father said after the general rejoicing had subsided, "and we can promise you that all the money that goes into the savings bank this winter won't be much. I mean to have you as well dressed as any one in Boston, and more than that, I want you to have

as good a time as you please, see everything that is good and go everywhere."

"Father, if I thought you would work all winter like you did last——"

But he did not. After the first month in the conservatory Lillian's voice proved of such excellent quality as to procure for her an engagement in two of the principal churches in the city, and the salary lightened the burden of work and poverty from those dear shoulders till Lillian, returning, opened a conservatory of her own, settling forever the question of further dependence on drudgery for a livelihood.

"I always knew," said Aunt Annette proudly, "that Lillian had the right kind of grit and character if it could once be awakened; and I know that that one trial was the test, and turning point of her life.

Had she yielded then, as so many do and would have done to selfish instincts, she might never have grown into the noble and self-reliant woman she is now. Oh, if we only could realize just what those trials mean! Temporal as well as eternal happiness is at stake in every test of fortitude that comes to our lot, and if we don't conquer, we sacrifice just so much of both, that's all.

"Cast your bread upon the water and it will return," it is said, and I for one have never seen the time that it didn't come true."

Josephine Spencer.

THE great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

HONOR FROM A HUMORIST.

WITHOUT professing any special admiration for all the literary work of Mark Twain, whose real name is Clemens, the INSTRUCTOR finds much to commend in a recent action attributed to him. He is reputed to be one of the foremost of American humorists; and while there is much of his production that is really witty, and some which carries a moral as well as humor, there is also a great deal that deserves no better name than buffoonery—a total disregard of all propriety or sense in the endeavor to “make a point.” Utah readers of Mr. “Twain’s” books will not need to be reminded of certain lapses of this sort. His so-called wit has frequently degenerated into scurrility or—what is worse—slander; and he can be consistently accused, as can many another man, of giving rein and exercise to his nimble wit at the expense of the Mormons.

It was not upon that feature of his work, however, that the present time demands comment. There is a trait of character which is possessed more or less by every man. It is honor, and this particular element Mark Twain appears to have acquired in an unusual degree. That the word “unusual” must be employed in this connection is to be regretted, for all men ought to possess just as much of it as Mr. Twain has shown; but unfortunately they do not, and such an exhibition of it as he has given is all the more noticeable because it is so rare.

It is not customary, for instance, that a man who fails in business gives the promise to his creditors (and sets about forthwith to fulfill the pledge) that the remainder of his life shall be devoted to

balancing his account with them. It is generally the case that the bankrupt, or whatever the other name for the same condition may be, makes the best terms he can with those to whom he is indebted, wipes out all old scores, and begins again on a new, clean page. Of course there are some who are never contented until they have paid the uttermost farthing. But the great majority are willing to close up all old transactions by paying fifty or seventy-five cents on the dollar—and the world seems to think there is nothing dishonorable about it. If in the course of years a fresh start can be made, and wealth and prosperity again come to the formerly unfortunate one, in a few instances he redeems every out-standing obligation and settles each old account in full, interest and all. In most such cases, however, the unpaid fifty or twenty-five cents on each dollar of old indebtedness is forgotten or repudiated altogether; and the former creditors, having originally made up their minds to the loss, are deemed as having no right to expect anything better.

Mark Twain’s honor is of the former variety. He is now an old man, and for many years he has enjoyed an easy, comfortable life, his books and lectures having secured him a handsome fortune. But some months ago financial reverses overtook the printing establishment with which he was connected. An assignment had to be made, and the assets were found to be unequal to the amount of debts. He made the best temporary settlement that he could with his creditors, but assured them that if his life and health held out they should receive every cent that was due them. Although at an age when men are generally entitled to ease and freedom from toil, he lost no time in entering into an

agreement with a lecture manager, and he is now on the other side of the earth preparing to begin the program marked out for him. His salary, if his old-time popularity has not waned, ought to be sufficient to enable him to pay up all his debts; and only when that has been done is he willing, as he expresses it, to come back home, sit down and rest.

Now in all this there is nothing that ought to be strange or unusual—every man in the same position ought to have the same feelings. But all do not have; and we take pleasure in dwelling upon the gentleman's example of heroism and integrity as something that ought to be, and will be, long and gloriously held to his credit. With an honest man, the word is as good as the bond; with an honest man, a debt never "outlaws." This may not be the rule as frequently followed in the world today, but it is the law of the Gospel, and every Latter-day Saint, young and old, should learn and observe it.

PRAYING FOR A DINNER.

I WAS set apart for a mission to Great Britain in April, 1883, and arrived in England toward the end of that month, and was appointed to labor in the London Conference, which at that time embraced several counties, including Hampshire, to which district I was assigned after laboring in Essex for about three or four months. There were two places in this district where we held meetings regularly, one in Southampton, the other in Portsmouth, about twenty-two miles apart. It was while laboring in this field the incident happened that I am about to relate.

In this district the Saints were few, and not very rich, and what we here regard as a "good, square meal" was

not often had by the Elders, who had to depend on the generosity of the Saints for their daily food. As I was a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom, I did not even indulge in a cup of warm tea, so commonly used there; my breakfast would generally consist of bread and butter and water, and sometimes not much of that.

On the day of which I am speaking I started out to walk from Southampton to Buckland, Portsmouth, and my breakfast was an unusually light one. It was toward three or four o'clock when I neared the town of Gosport, and just before entering it, being quite tired and hungry, I stood by the roadside, raised my hat and prayed to the Lord that He would give me a good dinner, as I was very hungry and working in His cause. I replaced my hat and went on my way rejoicing, feeling that my prayer would be answered.

The first Saint's house that I stopped at was a Brother Harvey, who had invariably invited me to eat when I called there, but he was not at home, and his son informed me that he did not know when his father would be home. So my first chance for a dinner was gone.

I crossed over the water from Gosport to Portsmouth on the ferry-boat, and made my way to Sister Wilkes', who had for many years kept an open house for the Elders; but she, too, was not at home, and I began to wonder why my prayer was not answered, feeling somewhat disappointed.

Sister Tolfree's home was only a block or two distant, and thither I wended my way, for she had often made me welcome before, and I was confident a good meal would be provided for me when I got there. But imagine my feelings when I arrived there and was informed by her daughter that her mother was not

at home and perhaps would not be for several hours. My stay there lasted but a few minutes.

I determined to make my way to my lodging place, which was a room in a house kept by Brother and Sister Russel, whose mother (Sister Burton) lived with her daughter and son-in-law. I had never known Brother and Sister Russel fail to ask after the health of the missionaries, speak a kind word or two, and invite them to eat. But upon this occasion Sister Russell opened the door for me and scarcely spoke a word. I sat down to a table where my letters and papers had been accumulating for the two weeks I had been absent and tried to read, but couldn't. I examined myself mentally to see what I had done or said that my prayer should not be answered, but could call to mind nothing out of the way, and was sorely perplexed and very tired and hungry.

Presently while in this frame of mind I was suddenly aroused by a voice, almost as audible as that of a human being, which said to me, "Why don't you go round to Sister Chambers'?"

I replied, "I will," and suiting the action to the word, laid down the letter from home I was reading, put on my shoes, hat and coat and went round to the back street and knocked at the door. Sister Chambers opened it, and with a hearty welcome said, "Come in; we are very pleased to see you. What do you think, that boy Arthur has come from the ship today and bought a big piece of beef, and we didn't know what to do with it." (Sister Chambers and her daughter were vegetarians, so the meat was of nouse to them.) "How fortunate you have come! We had to cook it, you know, to keep it from spoiling and now you have just come in time to help eat it." Besides the hot roast of beef

there were potatoes, cabbage and pudding, and other things to make a good meal, indeed. I believe it was the best meal I ever had in England, at least I appreciated it as such.

During the evening I related to Sister Chambers and her daughter Flora my day's experience, and we all acknowledged the hand of the Lord in answering the prayer of one of His humble servants in an hour of need. I can never forget this circumstance—the prayer, the confidence, the disappointment, the self-examination, and the final abundant answering of the roadside prayer.

Charles Denney.

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.)

A Sister's Love.

"OH, I am so uneasy about Roy," said Mrs. Anderson, sadly. "I can't imagine where he is, or why he stays so late tonight. I would go and hunt for him if I had any idea where to find him."

"Don't think of going out tonight, mother," answered Alice. "It is such a cold night that I am sure you ought not to venture, besides, I cannot believe that he is in bad company. He will be here soon. I feel confident. Go to bed, dear mother, and get your rest: you look so tired and worn, and you have worried so much of late that you will surely be sick again if you do not throw off some of your heavy burdens. Do not sit up longer, mother, he will not come any sooner for it, even if you should sit up the whole night."

It was Christmas eve, a time when peace and joy should fill each heart; but peace had departed, and sorrow held full sway in the breasts of Mrs. Anderson

and her elder daughter, though the latter tried to make her mother feel that all was well.

Mrs. Anderson was yet weak, the effects of a long spell of typhoid fever, and as her husband was away on a mission, she had asked Alice to remain at home with her, while the younger girls, Ella and May, had gone to the party.

Several times during the evening the conversation had drifted upon Roy, and the fact that he had not been home since morning gave his mother much concern.

"Do you think, Alice," she asked, "that he has taken Kate to the dance tonight?"

"I hardly think so, mother, for I am sure he does not care for her; but if he has, why do you worry so much about it?"

"I don't know, only she is so bold and unladylike, and seems so determined to be in his company that I fairly dread her. The very look in her eye is enough to tell me that her heart is not pure. Then, too, she is older than he is, and—well, I can't explain to you just what I mean," but I fear to have him in her company.

"You have some ground for your fears, I admit, for Kate has shown herself to be no lady; but if my assurance is worth anything to you, you have it to this effect: Roy will not be led to sin by her flattering tongue and wanton eyes. He will yet reform and turn out to be a good man. It is true he has grown very wild of late, but he has a good conscience still, and when away from his evil associates makes many good resolutions, which it seems he has not the courage to carry out. Did you notice the other day, mother, that he was ashamed to look us in the face because he had been drunk the night before? And do you know that although

he has used tobacco for more than a year, he has never yet allowed me to see him with a cigarette in his mouth?"

"Nor me either," added Mrs. Anderson. "Yet we know that the habit is growing stronger and stronger, and the longer he continues in evil the less hope there is that he will change his course. Oh, why has he grown so reckless since his father left! Is it because my wisdom is not sufficient to know how to guide him? How I wish you would talk to him, Alice, your influence over him has always been so great. Perhaps some device of yours can lead him to see the error of his way."

"Perhaps so, mother, but I have refrained from preaching much to him lest I should lose his confidence and love, for it is my opinion that one can preach too much. It would be poor policy, indeed to make him so weary of our talk that he would seek some other home to avoid us."

The girls coming in from the party at this juncture neither ended the conversation nor changed the subject. The first queries of the anxious mother were, "Was Roy at the party?" "Had he been drinking?" "Did he have Kate there?" "When and with whom did he leave?" and many other questions which no heart but a mother's could invent.

To all these inquiries the girls answered that Roy was at the party, and they believed he had had some liquor; that he did not take Miss Kate there, but she was present; had been drinking with the boys, and had at about eleven o'clock asked Roy to accompany her home.

This intelligence so unnerved the poor mother that she burst into tears, and for the next hour walked back and forth in the room, pausing often as she

passed the window to peer through its frosted panes, in the hope that her son would be coming.

"Why, ma, what keeps you and Al up so late?" said Roy, coming in just as the clock struck two. "I am surprised that you have not been asleep for hours. What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," answered his mother, trying to conceal her emotion; "only Alice and I have been busy talking. We will have prayers now and go to bed, for I am very tired."

And so they bowed in prayer—the one, it is true, a very disinterested person; the other two grateful that he had come home sober enough to walk alone.

Things went on in this way for some time, and in spite of his mother's tears and his sister's pleadings Roy was frequently found indulging in drink, tobacco and bad society, and people began to intimate that his father could, perhaps, perform a mission to better advantage in his own household. Many were the prayers offered up for the wayward youth by his weeping mother and his loving sisters; but as he grew worse instead of better the hope of his reform grew dimmer in the hearts of all save his sister Alice. To her a still small voice seemed ever to be whispering, "Your brother will reform."

"I will write him a letter," she said to herself one day, "for I can write so much better than I can talk, and with my pen I will try to touch his heart; but first let me ask God to direct my thoughts and bless my efforts."

So saying she bowed in secret prayer and implored her Heavenly Father to aid her and to inspire her to write such words as would cause her brother to see himself aright, and such words as would implant in his heart a firm resolve to turn from sin. Then she began to

write, and as she wrote it seemed as if angels whispered to her the words her pen should trace. The letter was full of love and sympathy, and kindness; it was an appeal to his reason, his manhood, his honor, an appeal to his love of God, and right and it portrayed to him in vivid colors the fears and anxieties of his mother, her sleepless nights, the furrows deepening on her brow and the hairs fast whitening above them. It assured him that all the aid a sister's love, could suggest should be given him, and that her prayers should continue to ascend daily in his behalf. With the words, "For dear mother's sake, Roy; for your own, for ours, and for the sake of heaven, hear and heed the warning of your loving sister, Alice," she closed the letter, sealed it, and placed it on the table in his room.

The next day Alice noticed that her brother was unusually thoughtful, and when evening came she was quietly informed by him that he intended to stay at home because it was "so chilly out."

This was her opportunity, and her brain was actively engaged during the whole evening devising means of amusement that he should not feel the loss of his old companions.

After that he spent very many of his evenings at home, and spent them very pleasantly, too, and people soon began to wonder how it was that Roy Anderson was never seen any more in the society of John Ericksen and Jack Walters. Then they noticed that he became a regular attendant at Sunday School and meeting, and that his tobacco and beer were entirely cast aside. In fact he had made such a sudden turn in his career that it seemed almost impossible that the change had come about in the course of only a few weeks.

It is needless to describe the lightness that came to his mother's heart, the happiness of his sisters, and the inward satisfaction which he himself enjoyed. To all who have had similar experiences they are understood without description. To those who know them not, an attempt to describe them would be folly.

Roy, or Brother Anderson, as we now call him, is the head of an honored and respected family, who are his for time and for eternity, while his former associates have gone farther and farther in the way to degradation and misery.

The letter was never mentioned until a few weeks ago, when Roy Anderson wrote to his sister Alice as follows: "Alice, I shall never be able to repay you for the good that letter did me. Truly I was fast treading the path that leads to hell, and was only saved through the grace of God, mother's tears, and your love."

Annie D. Stevens.

The Land Beyond.

AT parting day a young mother and her child, a beautiful golden-haired girl of six years, sat on the spar of a wrecked vessel that had been hurled ashore by the terrible waves of St. George's Channel. With tearful eyes they watched the great ship *Empress* sail from the sunny shore and make her way toward the setting sun, a great ball of fire that seemed to sink in the foaming waters of the channel.

The mother took a long-used cloak from her own shivering form and wrapped it tenderly around her darling child. Sick and pale the blue-eyed little one lay in restless slumbers upon the mother's breast. Again and again the lips would quiver and a deep moan

come from the sufferer. At length a smile seemed to part the bloodless lips, and soon the big, blue eyes were wide open.

"Oh, mamma, I had such a pretty dream. You remember when I went to sleep we were watching the big ship, with white sails, go out to sea, and I dreamed I was on a tiny boat, with white sails, too, and I was sailing toward where the sun went down. The big waves carried me on and on, until I saw, oh! such a pretty land, higher than the mountains over there.

"Are you listening to my dream, mamma?"

"Yes, yes, my dear little one," and a loving hand was laid tenderly upon the burning brow.

"Mamma, the land I could see way up there was so pretty. A line of gold led from the water to the top. I could see such a lot of people going up there, and I asked the man who took me in the little boat to go to the golden steps and let me go up there, where the houses were so white and pretty. He smiled and said, 'the next time.' Wasn't that a nice dream, mamma?"

Tighter the mother clasped the child to her breast. The eyes closed slowly. The next time came.

E. D. Whiting.

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense; there are forty men of wit to one man of good sense, and he that will carry nothing about him but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change.

ALL the difference between the wise man and the fool is, that the wise man keeps his counsel, and the fool reveals it.

MUSIC AMONG THE TONGANS.

MUSIC being a great topic of the day, and being cultivated as it now is by the people of the world, it has occurred to me that a few notes upon this subject might be of interest to some of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as to how the people of these islands view the subject and the method applied for becoming acquainted with the same.

The entire race of Tongan people are great lovers of music, both old and young, which is fully exemplified in all their labors, by the songs which are always a prominent feature, when employed in their different occupations.

As a whole, they seem to have natural ability, much more so than many of the more civilized nations. Their music, however, lacks much in finish. From the time children can be taught anything they are urged to sing, and more especially to beat time, at which they are very precise and correct. Possessing these qualities, they can and will no doubt in time, become very proficient, as better opportunities are now afforded, whereby they may improve themselves in this regard, than have heretofore existed. Colleges have been established, and the study of music is one of the leading features in them. This will tend to develop the musical talent which may now be dormant, and also tone down the harsher sounds into those more melodious, thus improving the abilities which our Heavenly Father has given them.

We find many who are able to take a piece of music, strange to them, and sing it at sight. Others are not acquainted with the note system, but are familiar with another system which has been introduced among them. This is on the same basis as the Tonic Sol Fa system, figures, however, being used

instead of syllables. For example, the figure 3 is taken as the keynote corresponding with doh, and ascends the scale to 9 or te, and then 3 or doh, the keynote, and descends in like manner. In writing it the figures are always used, there being, however, syllables by which they are known and called respectively by the one who may be reciting or singing it.

In cases where a half-tone is required, as for instance in modulating from one key to another, the $\frac{1}{2}$ is used. For example, a piece in the key of C, where F sharp might be required, F, being the fourth from the keynote, or 3, would be represented by 6, and the F sharp would be written thus $6\frac{1}{2}$.

Time is marked about as in the Tonic Sol Fa, and rests indicated by absence as in the latter also.

It is indeed quite surprising, and also praiseworthy, to note how many are able to make use of this system, as it shows how eager they are to acquaint themselves with this divine art.

The young king being very fond of music, is encouraging his subjects to lead out in this matter by occasionally having musical contests, calling together people from different localities who have been practicing for months, perhaps on certain pieces. By such means the best talent is brought out, and some creditable work is performed.

It is needless to say that those who are most successful are very warmly applauded, for I believe it can be truthfully said that the Tongans will compare favorably with any other race of people in the matter of bestowing praise, as also in being just as eager, if not more so, to receive the "fakamalo," or praise, from the people, and especially from their chiefs.

While it is pleasing to note the progress that is being made in this direction, it would also be gratifying were they as eager to put down immorality and the many evil practices which are among them, that they might gradually rise from the mire of sin and live pure and virtuous lives in the sight of our Father in Heaven, to which end the Elders are laboring who have been sent to instill into their minds the glorious principles of life and salvation.

The Tongan or Friendly Islands consist mainly of three groups, upon two of which our Elders are laboring at present, viz., the Tongatabu and Haapai, and steps are now being taken to open up a new field on Vavau, and from these main islands we hope also to spread to the smaller ones as soon as practicable, thus giving all the inhabitants an opportunity of hearing the sound of the Gospel.

In conclusion I might say that though we are meeting with but little success, at present, we feel to rejoice in being privileged to labor here, and our desires are that we may plant and water, and that God in His own due time will give the increase.

Alfred M. Durham.

MUA, TONGATABU, TONGA.

SUSPICION and caution are often confounded; one is the cunning of a fool, the other the prudence of the wise.

A MAN'S happiness consists infinitely more in admiration of the faculties of others than in confidence in his own.

A BEAUTIFUL form is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior than a beautiful form.

ENJOY what you have, and do not be envious of those who have more than you.

OPPORTUNITY.

How many people are there not
In life today,
Who, viewing back the past in thought,
See, far away,
The many chances they have lost,
And let go by,
Whereas if they had made the most
Of them when nigh,
How far ahead of where they are
They now would be!
And as they look away thus far
Their errors see,
How many of them wish, alas!
That hoary Time
Would but reverse his course and pass
Again in prime,
So that they might another chance
The self-same gain;
But all, alas! and lack of sense,
They find in vain!
An opportunity before
Is like a steed,
All saddled, all bridled, at your door,
On which to speed.
Then, mount it, and in triumph grand
You on may ride
To fair Success over the land.
But, stand aside,
Doubting, until 'tis gone, you find;
And in a while
What only you will hear, behind
Many a mile,
Will be the clatter of its hoofs
Sent thro' the air,
And soon you'll hear not even proofs
That it was there.
So never let a chance slip by,
Howe'er you do;
But mount it and upon it fly
Thy goal unto.

J. S. Robinson.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold,
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true;
But if I only half as much mischief did do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you."

A STUDY FOR OUR BOYS.

It is not easy to define the word gentleman. Too often, indeed, we use the term to express something far less than its rightful, noble significance. The following description of a gentleman is worth some study for our boys who mean to make of themselves just the noblest thing possible.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistake. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If, by accident, he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He profanes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted—himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition, anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no one. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened.

In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every one.

ANTISTHENES AND THE BOASTFUL YOUTH.

THERE is an old saying that we should not count our chickens before they are hatched, which is a very good old saying indeed, and one that has been said in many different ways. One of the most amusing ways of putting it was that of the Greek Antisthenes, who had been very much wearied by the boasting of a young acquaintance of how rich he would be when a cargo of salt fish he was expecting arrived from the Pontus. The youth kept telling Antisthenes of the presents he would give him, and the other attentions he would shower upon him, when the Greek seized an empty meal bag and led the braggart to a dealer in flour.

"Fill this up to the brim," he said to the dealer.

The dealer did so, and Antisthenes, turning on his heel, started to leave the shop without paying for the flour.

"Here!" cried the dealer, "my money, my money!"

"Ah!" said Antisthenes, "I have none; but—er—this young gentleman (pointing to the boastful youth) will pay for it when his cargo of salt fish comes in."

The haste of the dealer to empty the flour bag into the bin and hurl the empty bag at the retreating Antisthenes taught the young man the lesson the wit desired him to learn.

SMALL crimes always precede great ones. Never have we seen timid innocence pass suddenly to extreme licentiousness.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE BIRTH OF ITALY.

SINCE the last issue of the INSTRUCTOR an important celebration has taken place in Italy, and it has excited an unusual amount of interest in all parts of the Christian world. The event was the 25th anniversary of the entry of Italian troops into Rome, or, more properly speaking, the anniversary of the loss of temporal power by the Pope in the "eternal city." That mighty head of the Roman Catholic church still has his official palace the Vatican, together with its belongings, gardens, etc.; and within these precincts his authority is still absolute, and he maintains more or less of regal state. But these are narrow boundaries for a ruler whose office was formerly regarded as one of the greatest sovereignties on earth, and whose predecessors were powerful enough to bring even the most haughty of princes to their knees before them, and who could humble the proudest of them all. From the throne of the so-called "successors of St. Peter" were hurled commands and threats which caused monarchs to tremble, which made and unmade kings, commenced and concluded wars, populated or devastated vast tracts of country. The spiritual father of millions of "children" who looked upon him, as infallible and the earthly representative of divinity, the pontiff also exercised dominion of the most potent kind in the temporal affairs of nations.

A quarter of a century since the then

ruling pope was shorn of the last vestige of temporal authority except that of his own official household. Naturally enough Italy was the last of the nations to free itself from the yoke; and it was in commemoration of that act that the recent fetes and jubilees were held. A pleasing feature was that there was no uncharitable gloating over the fallen might of the ex-potentate—there was on the contrary the expression of generous regard for him, and the apparently sincere, though strange, conviction that he was stronger and more influential in the loss of that power of which they had robbed him, than he would have been in its continued possession. All the time these festivities were going on in Rome, devout Catholics in other lands were praying piously for the restoration of his power, and there was more than one hint of a gigantic scheme to raise a sufficient sum to buy a real temporal principality, and give him at least this much of a return of his predecessors' old-time prestige. It need hardly be said that the project is at present vague and chimerical, and among even its most ardent supporters is regarded more as a hope than a probability.

WHERE DO BIRDS GO?

By the time these lines are read by most of the readers of this paper the birds will have begun their annual journey to their southern winter home. In all the movements of animate creation nothing is more strange than this. How the little feathered folk are warned as to the time of going, no one has been able to explain; and where they all go is almost as much of a mystery. Their departure is as certain, however, as the changes of the seasons themselves, and their return in the springtime is not less

to be relied upon than is the growing of grass, and the leaves and blossoms on the trees under the influence of the earth's warm moisture and the glorious rays of the mounting sun. Observation of their habits in these particulars is very interesting, and well worth all the time intelligently devoted to it. It will be found that their instinct is unerring, and in following it absolutely is their only hope of safety. As weather clerks and sure guides as to the signal service they far surpass the skill and ingenuity of man; for whenever they pack up and start off in a body for the south, no matter how warm and bright the sun may be shining, it is high time to lay in a stock of coal and provisions and to get out warm flannels for bed and body, for the winter is surely near at hand.

SOME FACTS ABOUT GLASS.

THE most scientific glass workers of today are no more proficient in their art than were the craftsmen of ancient Thebes 4,000 years ago. These remarkable artisans, many of whom were priests high in authority, were well acquainted with glass staining, and displayed the highest artistic skill in their tints and designs. The colors were perfectly incorporated with the structure of the vitrified substance and were equally clear on both sides. The priests of Ptah, at Memphis, had a factory for the manufacture of ordinary glass, and also devoted their attention to imitating precious stones, succeeding so well that specimens now found require an expert to distinguish them from the real gems. They were also acquainted with the use of the diamond for cutting glass. A specimen of beautifully stained glass now in the British Museum has the cog-

nizance of Thothmes III. engraved upon it.

Spun glass was first brought into practical use about fifty years ago by Jules de Brunfaut, a French chemist, although the art of spinning glass was practiced long before that time. He made a thorough study of the subject in Vienna. He first succeeded in softening the hard, shiny effect of the glass fabric, giving it a silky effect that was much more pleasing. Next he endeavored to reduce its brittleness by making a spun glass, whose threads were much finer than those of silk, and whose texture was much like that of wool. This glass could readily be woven and all kinds of articles were made of it. Among other things it was found especially suitable for surgical use, owing to its antiseptic properties and its cleanliness. The fact that glass is unattacked by most acids made the fabric useful for laboratory filters, and nearly all well equipped establishments of the kind now use them. The cloth is besides non-combustible and a poor conductor of heat. As the individual fibres are perfectly non-absorbent, grease spots and stains can be readily removed. For this same reason the cloth cannot be dyed, but it can be spun of colored glass and the color is absolutely fast and unchanging.

No accidents are so unlucky but that the wise may draw advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky but that the foolish may turn them to their own prejudice.

LISTEN not to a tale-bearer, or slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn.

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Aaron and the Golden Calf.

You remember Moses was on the mountain forty days and nights receiving instructions from the Lord, and during that time the people told Aaron they did not believe Moses was coming back at all, and they told him he should make a god to lead them.

We think that very foolish, indeed, but you know the Egyptians worshiped idols or images of different kinds. Among other things they worshiped cattle, and they had one very large animal that they built a fine house for, and went there to worship it. The Israelites had lived among them for more than two hundred years, and had seen them worship idols and cattle all that time, so it did not seem strange to them as it would to us.

When they insisted that Aaron should make something for them to worship, he told them to bring him the jewelry that the Egyptians had given them when they left Egypt; so they brought earrings and bracelets of gold, and Aaron put them into the fire and melted them and made a golden calf to represent the animal which the Egyptians worshiped.

The Lord told Moses what they were doing, and sent him down to put a stop to it. He had in his hands the two stones on which the commandments of the Lord were written, and when he saw the people naked, dancing around that calf and singing, he was so angry with them that he threw the stones down and they were broken.

He then took the calf and burned it, in the fire, after which he ground it to powder and sprinkled it in the water

and made the people drink it; and the Lord punished the people for their wickedness by sending disease and death among them.

The Lord then told Moses to hew out two stones like the first ones and bring them up on the mountain, which he did, and God wrote upon them the laws and commandments that He had written on the others.

When the tabernacle was finished the priests were commanded to offer incense to the Lord: first they took several different kinds of gum and spices, such as the Lord directed, which would make a sweet smell or perfume, and pounded them together: that was called incense and they were to put a little of it into a certain kind of dish, which was called a censer, and burn it every morning in the tabernacle.

They were not to use that incense for any other purpose, nor to burn anything else for incense; but one day two of Aaron's sons, while serving in the priest's office, offered strange fire before the Lord; that is, they used something else in their censers instead of the mixture which the Lord had told them to use, and the Lord sent fire and burned them up.

At one time two men got into a fight and one of them swore and blasphemed the name of the Lord, and the Lord commanded that he should be stoned to death.

In our day the Lord does not punish us so quickly for breaking His commandments; but remember, children, that we will surely be punished some day for all the wrong things we do.

The Lord told the children of Israel that if they would keep His commandments and walk in His ways He would send them rain in due season, the land should yield her increase, they should

have abundant harvests, and the Lord would bless them in many ways; but if they refused to obey His commandments He would punish them until they would repent.

Those of you who are old enough may read these promises for yourselves in the twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus, and I believe they were intended for us, as well as for the children of Israel.

If we keep the commandments of God and obey Him in all things we will escape the plagues, disease and pestilence which are surely coming upon the earth.

Celia A. Smith.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

A Mexican Settlement.

OAXACA is situated in a narrow valley along the Bavispa River, in the State of Sonora, Mexico. The settlement contains sixteen families.

There are some very large trees here, measuring from ten to fifteen feet through. There are many kinds of beautiful birds. Of wild animals there are the deer, the bear and the wild pig. The native Mexicans in this part of the country are scantily dressed. Some wear only a factory shirt and a hat. Their hats are made from the leaf of a palm tree that grows on the river bank.

The Mexicans build their houses of adobes, with flat roofs covered with dirt. They use wooden plows, drawn by oxen. For a yoke they strap a stick to the animals' horns.

Perhaps you would like to know what kind of a grist mill they use. The building is of rock and mud. A large stone is placed on the floor in the center of it, with another stone placed on the first one. A sweep is fastened to the

upper stone, and a burro or donkey is hitched to the sweep and walks around the stones, and in this way the grain is ground. It takes twelve hours to grind a bushel of wheat.

John Waldon Scott. Age 15 years.

OAXACA, MEXICO.

Healed By Faith.

I WILL endeavor to relate to you how my baby sister was healed of sore eyes.

Mamma had been anointing the baby's eyes with consecrated oil. But one of the neighbors said, "You might just as well pour warm water into her eyes as to put oil on them."

Different remedies were recommended to mamma for the baby's eyes, but the more she heard, the more faith she seemed to have, and felt in her heart and said that she knew the consecrated oil was the best. She again anointed the baby's eyes with the oil and prayed God to heal them up. Her prayer was answered, for the baby's eyes were well the next morning, and looked as though they had never been sore. And they were swollen and inflamed very badly before this.

This instance of healing has increased my faith in this ordinance of the gospel.

Levi Lorenzo Savage. Age 8 years.

WOODRUFF, ARIZONA.

I WON'T.

THE other day a boy burst out crying in school, and he cried as if his heart would break. Did another boy pinch or hurt him? No. Was his spelling lesson too hard? What were those tears for? His teacher called him to her and asked Freddy what the matter was.

"I want to go home. Oh do let me go!" sobbed Freddy.

What for, dear child?" asked the teacher, in her own way.

"Oh," said Freddy, "I said, 'I wont' to my mother before school, and I want to go home and tell her how sorry I am, and ask her to forgive me!'"

The teacher let him go, and thought, as she watched his little form flying past the window in his haste to get to the mother he had wronged, of the many heartaches caused by thoughtless words spoken in anger to dear ones then no longer living to hear the "I am sorry: forgive me."

HOW AMERICA WAS NAMED.

IN the summer of 1497, five years after Columbus discovered the New World, an Italian, a native of Florence, named Amerigo Vespucci, sailed across the Atlantic, landing on the coast of Venezuela.

He sailed along the Gulf States to Florida, and then along the coast of South America for some distance, making friends of the natives he met. At last, however, he came to a savage tribe of cannibals, who were conquered after a desperate fight, two hundred and fifty of their number being taken by him and sold in Spain for slaves.

When he reached home he wrote a letter to a friend in Florence, telling him of the land he had visited and the strange things he had seen. It was only a private letter, such as any friend would write to another; but in some way it was seen by a German geographer named Waldsee Muller, who took great interest in his discoveries. Vespucci had called the country he saw "The Land of the Holy Cross," and neither he nor Muller had an idea that it was the same that Columbus had discovered.

Unknown to Vespucci, and a year or more after the death of Columbus, the German geographer suggested that the newly found continent be called "America." Gradually this name came into general use, finally appearing on some maps drawn by Leonardo da Vinci some six or seven years later.

I LIKE TO HELP PEOPLE.

A WOMAN was walking along the street one windy day, when the rain began to come down. She had an umbrella, but her hands were full of parcels, and it was difficult for her to raise it in that wind.

"Let me ma'am; let me, please, said a bright-faced boy, taking the umbrella in his hands.

The astonished woman looked on with satisfaction, while he managed to raise the rather obstinate umbrella. Then, taking one of those ever-handly strings which boys carry, he tied all the parcels snugly into one bundle and politely handed it back to her.

"Thank you very much," she said, "You are very polite to do so much for a stranger."

"Oh, it is no trouble, ma'am!" he said, with a smile; "I like to help people."

Both went their ways with a happy feeling in the heart; for such little deeds of kindness are like sweet-smelling roses blossoming along the path of life.

We all have our chances day by day, and shall one day be asked how we have improved them.

To be free minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meals, and of sleep and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting.

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

THE Bengal tiger is a very troublesome animal to the people of India, as it frequently carries off their cattle. It is also very fond of hogs and other animals.

The inhabitants of the country have various ways of killing this most ferocious creature—the tiger. The European residents of India sometimes hunt the tiger for sport. The picture here presented shows one of their methods of taking the game. The hunters have



erected a platform in the trees of the forest. By mounting this they can keep out of sight as well as out of reach of the tiger. They have secured a heifer to the tree below as a tempting bait for the tiger, and are now waiting for the latter to come and pounce upon the helpless beast, when they intend to open fire upon him.

It is certainly a very important lesson to learn how to enjoy ordinary things, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or the gratification of some appetite.

COURAGE to meet duty is power to overcome difficulties; without this principle our strength is indeed weakness.

SIR JOHN.

"WHOSE chair is that, Jennie?"

"Why, don't you know, Cousin Beth? It's Sir John's."

"Sir John!" said Beth, in surprise. "Who is he?"

Beth had just come on a visit to her cousin Jennie. The family were taking their seats at the dinner table. A high baby chair was placed by Uncle Enoch's side. This was the chair that puzzled Beth.

"There he comes, now!" exclaimed Jennie, with a laugh.

A large and handsome cat bounded into the room. He leaped upon the chair and sat down very gravely. This was Sir John. The children called him so because John, by itself, was too small a name for so great a cat.

Uncle Enoch tied a napkin about Sir John's neck. Sir John purred "Thank you," very sweetly. There was a little plate before him. A piece of fish was put into the plate and Sir John began to eat. He did not use a knife or fork, but he handled one paw much more neatly than some children use a spoon. When the fish was gone Sir John peeped into Uncle Enoch's plate. Some bits of fish were left there.

"Want more fish, Sir John?" Uncle Enoch asked.

"Per-e-ow," replied Sir John, meaning "If you please." It was easy to understand for Sir John spoke cat very plainly.

So he was helped to more fish. When he had eaten it his napkin was taken off and he went out to stroll in the garden. Beth was very much amused by Sir John.

WE are often able because we think we are able.

FORWARD, BROTHERS, FORWARD.

WORDS BY G. PARKER.

MUSIC BY H. A. TUCKETT.

1. Forward, brothers, forward. High your voices raise, In God's ho - ly tem - ple
2. Worthy— ev - er worthy— Of u - nit-ed song; Countless men and wom - en

Sing your songs of praise; Glo - ry, hon - or, pow - er, Be to Him a - lone,
Shall His praise prolong. In the ag - es hoar - y— In the days to be—

Rit.

Mon - arch of all monarchs—God—one God— we own. Forward, broth - ers,
Past and present— praise Him—God—e - tern - al - ly. Wor - thy— ev - er

forward, High your voices raise, In God's ho - ly tem - ple, Sing your songs of praise.
worthy— Of u - nit-ed song; Countless men and women Shall His praise pro-long.

TRUST him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all.

IT is not what he has or what he does which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

THE true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men that the country turns out.

THE world is not made for the prosperous alone, nor for the strong.

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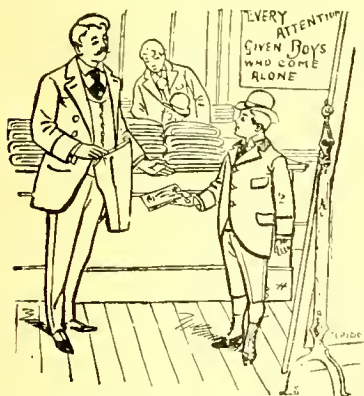
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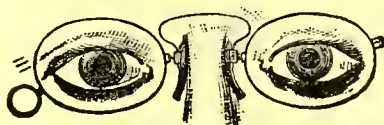
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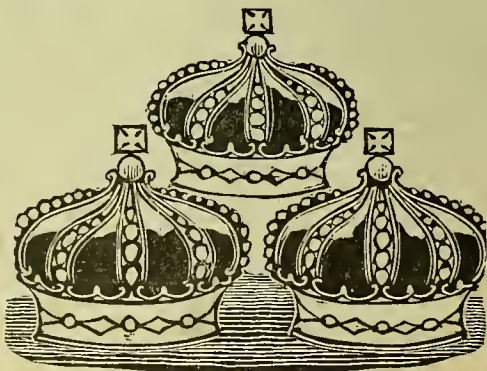
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